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A RHAPSODY.

Beautiful snow, why don't you go? Beauty! bah! hum! why do you come? Purity! tush! nothing but slush; Charming on trees! shiver and freeze; Mantle of white, hideous sight; Feathery streaks! nuisance for weeks; Downy soft flakes! Towny hard cakes; Carpet, unroll'd! half dead with cold: Winter's array! walk like a jay; Earth's winding-sheet! can't keep your feet; Beautiful snows! trip up your toes, over one goes, frosting one's clothes, scrazing one's nose, fingers all froze, men down in rows, choleric throes, nobody knows, horrors of those, beautiful snows, here I must close, telling my woes, born of the snows, yet don't suppose, I my muse pose, for my rhyme flows, and if I chose, still my verse glows, snows to expose, snows to oppose, snows to depose, tell what one owes, in buffets, in blows, to those confounded snows, I could rhyme, that is prose, till the Spring sun arose, but probably now you wish for repose, so I'll growl my last growl at these swindlers of snows, at last! you exclaim his pen down he throws! though his brain's surely turn'd by these much be-sung snows, which, he echoes it is! with this snow over-dose—pronounce this last word as if written doze—and then kindly stop me I'm much too verbose—for when—but I'm stopp'd and the snow-fiend crows, and snows in the eyes, ears, and nose of his foes. Oh! Ha!—but I'm stopp'd, or as my theme grows—!

Here—Heaven be prais'd—our contributor's pen dropped breathless from his grasp, and he was led gently forth from the editorial sanctum, s'nowrously proclaiming: It s'no good it snows again!

FOREIGN MUSICAL ITEMS.

The immense number of rehearsals inevitably attaching to any opera produced in Paris have delayed the performance of Auber's last work, *Un jour de bonheur*. It was promised for the 29th ultimo, the composer's birthday; and all lovers of music must desire its success, and that the day of its production may indeed be a day of happiness for this hearty operatic veteran.

St. Petersburg journals tell us that Lucca has greatly pleased there, and that, strange to say, the climate of that capital has restored to Mario the plenitude of his vocal resources! May he retain them.

Ilma de Murska has been singing the "Creation" at Vienna, giving Haydn's melodious airs, as the German papers remark, so well suited to her flexible voice, with "visible pleasure."

M. Offenbach received from a Berlin Theatre, during last year, no less a sum than 7,100 thalers (27,000 francs) for 146 representations of his *Vie Parisienne*!—not to mention his other operas. Who would not write comic operas?—albeit classical noses do classically sniff and turn up at the mere mention of such "*Cancanettes*," as some French *virtuoso* contemptuously terms them! *N'importe cher maestro, Allez toujours!*

Ricordi, the great music publisher of Milan, has just issued twelve melodies of Mendelssohn with Italian words. Italy, and above all Milan! taking a *Tedesco* to its arms! Music must, indeed, be a "heavenly maid." As the man says in the play, "Make us thankful!"

Her Majesty's Theatre at London is to be rebuilt to the noble tune of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling.

Sophie Cruvelli (the Baroness Vigier) "revisited the glimpses of the moon" recently at Nice, where she gave a concert for the benefit of the poor, and where a chorus of her composition, to words by the King of Bavaria, was performed.

A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF MENDELSSOHN.

"It was towards the end of last October," says an enthusiastic friend of the writer, "that I paid a visit to the grave of Mendelssohn. It is in the old Trinity grave-yard—the 'Court of Peace,' as the German word beautifully signifies—outside the Helle Thor, one of the gates of Berlin. And a peaceful quiet spot I found it. The gate of the cemetery was locked when I arrived, but the sexton was not far away, and they quickly found him for me in the adjoining 'Friedhof' of the 'New Jerusalem Christians.' I looked through the railings as they fetched him, and I thought that the New Jerusalem people, whoever they might be, were to be envied. Their cemetery was a paradise, in which each grave was a lovely flowering garden. Anything more invitingly neat and charming I had never before seen. The old man came along the path, with his rake in one hand and his keys in the other, and then we walked on to the gate of the larger cemetery in which Mendelssohn lies. The path lay for a hundred yards through an avenue of poplars and planes. The first frosts of autumn had already brought down many leaves, which formed a thick yellow carpet under our feet, and as we went along others came floating softly down to join their old companions on the ground. No fitter introduction to a grave-yard could have been wished. Not a breath was stirring, but all was perfectly calm and still. It was a very fine afternoon; the sun was on the point of setting, and threw red horizontal beams on the mottled trunks of the planes above me, and lighted up the yellow foliage with a bright and cheerful glow—cheerful, yet everything telling of decay; just what it should be for a visit to the grave of that sweet bright nature. The burial place of the Mendelssohns is on the right, just after you enter the gate. There are several tombstones, some lying down, some standing up; the former covered thick with ivy and other creepers; all are enclosed by railings, and the interstices are planted with yews, box, and pine, which form a thick tufted screen on all sides except the front. The tomb of Felix is in the very middle. It is a plain cross of white stone, about four feet six high, and upon it are the following words:—'Jacob Ludwig Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, geboren zu Hamburg, am 3. Feb. 1809, gestorben zu Leipzig, am 4. Nov. 1847.' To the right is the stone of his sister—'Fanny Cæcilie Hensel, geborne Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, with the date of her death, 14th March, 1847, and a few bars from one of her songs, 'Gedanken gehn und Lieder, fort bis in Himmelreich.' I picked some twigs from the trees and an ivy leaf, and came away thinking that a fitter resting-place for Felix Mendelssohn could not be wished or imagined."

VERDI's poet, Piave, is not dead, as was reported, but convalescing. *Tant mieux*. More "Trovatores" and "Traviatas."

BARCELONA.—*Lucia di Lammermoor* was produced at Liceo Theatre for the *début* of Mlle. Sinico, the other parts being sustained by Signors Stagno, Storito, Rodas, and Negre. The fair *débutante* achieved a remarkable success, and the public press speaks of her in terms of universal praise. One of the journals speaks of her as follows:—"Young, and of very agreeable appearance, Mlle. Sinico has much in her favor before she displays her eminent and artistic qualities as a singer and actress. Her voice is a pure soprano, extending up to D in the high register; her vocalization neat, even, and facile; her method free from exaggeration; and her teaching belonging to the real Italian school. Her performance of *Lucia* was a series of triumphs from the opening recitative and *aria d'entrata* to the mad scene, in which the *rondo* with the flute *obligato* made quite a *furor*. We congratulate Mlle. Sinico on the genuine success she met with on her first appearance at our great theatre, with a public so notoriously difficult to please and satisfy."

DEATH OF DR. MARK.—We deeply regret to notice the death of this gentleman, so well known for his exertions in popularizing music among the young. For many years Dr. Mark has annually given concerts in Edinburgh, which were highly appreciated by parents, and crowded with delighted juveniles. From the last report of Dr. Mark's College, we learn that, "during the past twenty years he has given no fewer than 9,586 concerts and 5,250 lectures. He has had the honor of playing before her Majesty and the Royal Family several times, also before 7,645,791 children and 9,255,689 adults; played the National Anthem 9,982 times, traveled 296,690 miles, expended £125,000, independent of £25,000 of his own resources. He has established a royal college of music, and several conservatoires of music, organized a number of juvenile bands, and upwards of 5,500 private and class pupils have been taught upon his system, many being educated and maintained free of expense. Dr. Mark has been presented, unsolicited, with testimonials from musicians of the first rank, including Hallé, Mlle. Piccolomini, Giuglini, Jullien, etc.; and his entertainments have been patronized by royalty and the aristocracy." We hope that some means will be taken to maintain Dr. Mark's training college and his admirable little band, so that the work of which he was the originator may be perpetuated.—*Edinburgh Courant*.

SALAMANCA, of Madrid (the *banquier*), who was to have supplied capital to start the Royal Italian Opera (Covent Garden) in 1847, but failing, left Persiani the liabilities, is contemplating a second Italian Opera House in Paris, on the Boulevard Haussman for *buffo* only. A Paris journal says that he will start a new Baden-Baden in the republican Val d'Andorra, that curious piece of territory between Spain and France in eastern Pyrenees, a *terra incognita*, except to hunters and stray travelers. The situation is superb, and the scenery far more grand and picturesque than that of the German gambling rendezvous. There is rail as far as Toulouse, and, no doubt, if Salamanca carries out the undertaking, a loop line will be carried on to the locality he proposes to convert for the use of the players who are gradually being driven out of Germany.—*Queen*.